

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1906

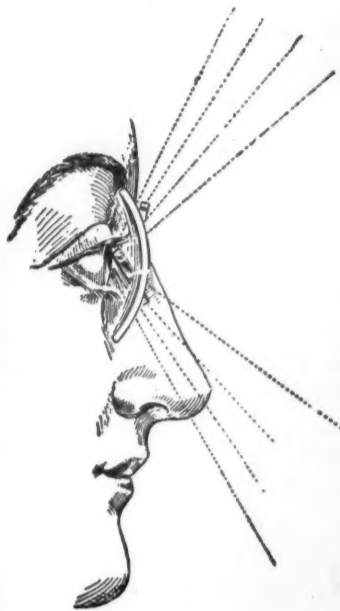
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The Mirror

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For the New St. Louis

By W. M. R.

A BILL for an elevated railway in this city has been introduced in the Municipal Assembly under auspices indicating strong political administration support. The measure is an ill-digested affair. For instance, it contemplates an open subway through the heart of the town, when the city needs all the street room it can keep or acquire down town.

Now that the city is on the boom, we shall hear much of other such enterprises. A subway is needed, or soon will be. But the subway must be provided with regard, first to the city's interests as a whole, rather than the interests of the promoters. The city should own the subway, whether it shall operate the transportation in it or not. This is the time when St. Louis needs a commission to map out a plan for all the public or quasi public improvements projected. The new railroad lines, new parks, new public buildings, etc., should be designed or arranged for with a view to harmony of development of the city.

A commission to supervise the artistic features of public projects, to co-ordinate great private enterprises with a definite city plan, to locate such public monuments as may be built, to superintend the substitution of modern structures for some of our slums, is one of the city's greatest needs. It should be composed of an artist, an architect, an engineer and, perhaps, one or two laymen of taste and civic spirit. Their politics should not count. With the right men it wouldn't count if they were all of one party. Such a commission would be in accord with the modern spirit. This city shouldn't be allowed to grow haphazard when its growth can be directed in such a way as to make that growth tend to a realization in the future of the City Beautiful.

All this for the æsthetic side of the New St. Louis. On the ethical side, of course, provision must be made to the end that neither subway nor elevated nor other public service enterprises shall be established or expanded, save upon such terms as shall guarantee to the city a return upon that value in those enterprises which the city and its growth shall bestow upon them. The city makes the public service enterprise fully as much, and more, than the public enterprise makes the city. The city should share in the profits of such enterprises to at least the extent of relieving the citizens of taxes in an amount commensurate with the city's contribution to the enterprise's value. The enterprise should not be allowed to charge for services more than those services are worth, considering that the citizens contribute the basic value of the service-property in the franchises under which the enterprises are operated. A fair return upon the investment in the furnishing of service should be allowed operating companies, but they should not be permitted to charge the public rates that are figured to pay dividends on the community value in the undertaking. The public should get dividends in taxes on that community value.

The subway is coming. In time the telegraph, telephone, electric light, gas, refrigerating, express, railway and other companies will all have to use subways. A subway system should be provided large

enough to accommodate all such uses. There should be one subway system, not many, as a matter of sound economics. The city should own that subway, and earn revenue upon it by leasing it to using corporations. In this way the using corporations would contribute to the city's expenses in a sum of which the citizens generally would be relieved by a corresponding diminution of taxes.

Why not modify the present Terminal Commission and expand it into a Municipal Improvement Commission such as indicated, composed of experts in the matters involved in such improvements, to act in an advisory capacity with the Board of Public Improvements, and assist the Municipal Assembly in the preparation of ordinances that shall give the city its share in the benefits that accrue to the public service corporations?

Reflections

The Yellow Kid On Top

AS the MIRROR goes to press, Tuesday evening, the Democratic Convention of New York State is in session, big with all sorts of sensational political possibilities, affecting the entire country. Its outcome will determine the policies and the identity of the nominees of the two great parties two years hence. The occasion is a critical one in the lives of perhaps a dozen conspicuous American politicians. Radicalism of reform makes its first stagger for the center and front of the stage, against Conservatism, which is polite for Capitalism. It is Hearst against the world of politics as it has been. It is Ryan, Belmont, the money Democrats making a stand against democratic Democracy that means what it says. Jerome, the blue-blood, fake reformer shrivels to insignificance. Big Tim Sullivan stands for Sulzer to avoid Hearst exposing his gambling graft if he went for Jerome, and Jerome closing the pool rooms and faro palaces if Sullivan declared for Hearst. On all sides are grafters looking for money for votes—anybody's money. Tammany boss, Murphy, is for Hearst because of hatred for McClellan. Bourke Cockran is, as usual, next the Hearst box. It looks as if Hearst will win. This will put him in line for President, imperil Bryan's status as a radical, render unnecessary the re-nomination of Roosevelt, deadlock the Democracy two years hence between Hearst and Bryan, force the Democratic nomination of Joseph W. Folk of Missouri.

Festivities Galore

WARM old town next week and the week after, eh? Veiled Prophets, St. Louis day, Carnival, Horse Show. Then the prize exhibition of the work of the artists of St. Louis at Noonan-Kocian's. Gee! Almost forgot German day at the Alps next Sunday. All the events are good ones. No one who thinks he is anybody will miss participating in all the festivities, even if it results in nervous prostration. Besides, we have six days now in which to cudgel our brains to think out who's to be Queen of the Ball. There are croakers who say that the Veiled Prophet and his ball are dead, but they speak foolishness. The demand for tickets is as brisk this twenty-ninth as it was the first year, and curiosity as to the identity of the Queen is as keen as ever. It looks as if the Veiled Prophets never will play out. That they are

still useful as well as ornamental, is shown by the crowding of other events and attractions into their season. The Prophet will not be outshone by St. Louis, the King, or by anything else in the show line in this town for very many years to come. The Queen and her court will doubtless be conspicuous in the St. Louis day celebration, at the carnival and at the Horse Show. They ought also to attend the exhibition of pictures by St. Louis artists, the prizes for the best paintings being donated by art-loving citizens. St. Louis doesn't know it, but it's none the less true that we possess in this old town four or five painters whose work represents something pretty close to the high-water mark of achievement in contemporary color work. As for the Horse Show, Society is almost as horse-mad as it is auto-crazy. And at the Horse Show the gowns that most dazzled at the Prophets' ball will be seen to good advantage. The clothes show at the Horse Show is the thing, you know.

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HERE is a tip as to the outcome of the great Vanderbilt cup automobile race on the 6th prox. The winner will be a machine that is advertised in the MIRROR. Or if it won't be, it should be, so there now.

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The Right of Contract.

ON all government contracts the law is to be enforced as to the eight-hour day. This is all right. But the big prizes of life in a material and in many other senses will continue to be won by people who will work overtime at what their heads or hands may find to do. The eight-hour law is right. There should be a limit set as to what constitutes a legal day's work. But there should be nothing to prevent a man working as many hours as he may please of his own free will. This isn't a sly support, either, of the hypocritic plea for the workingman's right of contract. The workingman, rather let us say, the laborer has no right of contract. The existence of such a right is a played out fiction. The laborer takes what work he can get at the pay and the hours the employer can force him to accept, and if it were not for trades unionism, and its influence in the enactment of eight hour laws, laws against child labor, etc., the laborer would drift into peonage. But for trade's unionism, we should not find laws on the statutes under which the government could punish the enslavement of negroes as in the recent case against the Smiths and others at Cape Girardeau in this State. The right of contract was pleaded in those cases, against the men who were enslaved and robbed of the fruit of their toil.

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DID any one say anything about the suppression of bucket-shops in this city?

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Young Mr. Bland

THE only Folk appointee in St. Louis who hasn't made himself ridiculous by speech or action, thus far, is Mr. Theodoric Bland, and he's the youngest of the bunch. There seems to have been more gumption in the management of affairs here since Mr. Bland got into the game. He has kept out of the papers, and he has mixed with the people somewhat, and as a result, the Folk administration hasn't gone ahead bumpety-bump, and done things in the way to create the most antipathy, as was the case before. All the other Folk managers locally have been fooled, and put in a hole, and made to seem incompetent and absurd, the whole bogglement culminating in the unnecessary blunder of the Kiely trial last week. Gov. Folk needs a new set of men here to look after his interests. They have been called upon to do unpopular things, of course, but they have done them in a way to increase the unpopularity of their action, and

at the same time to demonstrate their own inability to get results without exposing their own amateurishness. They could have "rolled" Kiely with one-tenth the fuss they made over it, and without plainly showing that they had to soak him because they couldn't get at the former boss whose will was the essence of Kiely's wrong-doing, so far as the old chief was guilty of wrong-doing. The Governor's lieutenants in St. Louis play politics like a man playing the piano while wearing boxing-gloves. All of them except Mr. Bland, who has kept out of the muddles and done his work without a superfluity of "windy suspiration of forced breath." Young Mr. Bland looks like the man for Folk leader here.

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THE Cellabrated statesman, Harry B. Hawes, is making speeches in the State for the ticket. Also for the ticker in the bucket shops.

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Churchill

NEW HAMPSHIRE Republicans turned down Winston Churchill as a gubernatorial candidate, but they adopted his platform. That platform is anti-corporation and anti-pass. 'Tis a victory. Men pass away. The cause triumphs. Besides, it is well that Winston Churchill is not to be Governor. This will give him time to write more novels. His novels are not thrilling, but they are conscientious work on a high plane. They have many literary defects, but they are spiritually sound and sane. They bear the impress of being the work of one who has a dignified, even a consecrated sense of the moral and artistic value of the story-teller's craft.

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THE more virulent the activities of Mr. William Travers Jerome become the more that gentleman looks like a rank four-flusher.

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Hearst

NEW YORK State's politics is as marvellously mixed as boarding-house hash. But one thing may be said of it that is undeniably true. That is that Mr. William Randolph Hearst is making the pace in all the parties. Every pronunciamento has for its burden Hearst. All the politicians who are denouncing him are trying to conciliate his supporters. The anti-Hearst resolutions even hedge on his policies. He "has them all going." It looks as if he has split both parties to such an extent that he can be elected even as an independent candidate for Governor.

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GOV. FRANCIS and Bud Dozier will soon be home again from their trip to distribute medals to the monarchs of Europe, on behalf of the World's Fair. A reception should be arranged in their honor. At this reception Mr. Francis should publicly bestow a medal upon himself, Bud meanwhile indulging in apotheosizing minstrelsy of and concerning Dave and thus completely demonstrating the inaccuracy of the Thackerayan apothegm that "no man is a hero to his valet."

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Mr. Bryan Wobbles

MR. BRYAN is still explaining his public ownership declaration. It is this explanatory course that hurts him most. If he did the proper thing he would come out boldly and insist upon public ownership going in the next party platform. His wobbling on the question, backing it up in one place and backing away from it in another, is not conducive to the establishment in the public mind of his fixity of conviction. The way he handles the question indicates that his mind is as yet only half-baked on the question. He doesn't want to force the issue. He doesn't want to let go of it. The leaders are pounding against the

policy. Unquestionably the people look upon it with considerable favor. Between the two Mr. Bryan oscillates with an apparent weakness that is new in the man's make-up. Between the two stools he will fall to the ground. He must choose between his two poses—conservative and radical—or else he is lost, as a candidate. Indeed, it is almost too late for him to choose, because he appears somewhat in the role of Napoleon Bonaparte, who marched his twenty thousand men to the top of the hill and then marched them down again, and "when they were up, they were up, me boys; and when they were down, they were down; and when they were in the middle they were neither up nor down."

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CIRCUIT JUDGE KINSEY has had the *certiorari* proceedings of ex-Health Commissioner Simon against Mayor Wells under advisement for fifteen months. It is time for Circuit Judge Kinsey to be delivered of the mighty gestation that is within him.

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The Blasted Bailey

THE downfall of Joe Bailey of Texas has had no recent parallel. Chauncey Depew may rise up in some minds as a correction of the above assertion. But no. Depew was always a corporation man, and everybody knew he represented nothing in politics but the Vanderbilts and the New York Central Railroad. When he was uncovered with his snout and both fore feet in the insurance slop-trough no one was surprised. But Bailey! Bailey was the tribune of the pee-pul. He frothed at the mouth about honesty. He bawled and bellowed against the Trusts. And now he stands exposed as the tool of the Standard Oil Company passing off a lie on the State of Texas. He represented the Waters-Pierce Oil Company as being independent of Standard Oil, and in such representation secured the concern's reinstatement among companies not identified with trusts licensed to do business in Texas. All the time Standard Oil owned the Waters Pierce Oil Company and Bailey either knew it or didn't know it. If he didn't know it, he is, or was, a dub lawyer, and no one believes that of him. Bailey was given control of millions of property in reward for his service in defeating the laws of his State, services implying perjury and the subornation of perjury. Joe Bailey is damned deeper than Depew. He sinned more grievously against the light. It is gratifying to note that a movement has been started to relieve Texas of the disgrace of being represented in the Senate by a man who, for a fee, participated in the perversion of law and justice through the media of lies, false pretences and deliberate false, corrupt, voluntary oaths.

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THE City Charter says the wards of St. Louis must be redistricted every five years. The ward lines have not been changed since 1898. The wards have not been changed as to their boundaries simply because a change would have ousted some of the racetrack committeemen in both parties.

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Hail, Chief Creecy!

EDMOND P. CREECY, the new Chief of Police of St. Louis is a gentleman, a scholar, a man of taste. He has also been an efficient and self-respecting and respect-commanding policeman. His intelligence is not of the intriguing, wire-pulling order and his manners are not those of a swell-headed navvy perked up in a little brief authority. He is an anomaly among chiefs of police as they exist generally. The policemen proper may not like him because of his fine-hairedness, but the force will probably find that there's plenty of steel masked under Creecy's velvet. Creecy

has never been a politician policeman. His predilections have all been away from dirt. The selection of Captain Creecy as chief is the only thing that makes the community willing to forget the absurdities and hypocrisies and elaborate idiocies of the proceedings under which Kiely was ousted.

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NOT even a little teeny-weeny cheep from Grover Cleveland in his retreat at Princeton. Wonderful that so very little noise should come from so large a man, isn't it?

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What Folk Needs Here

GOVERNOR FOLK's political friends seem to break down into hysterics on slight provocations. The performance of Mr. Maroney in the Kiely trial was a revelation of marvelous ineptitude. Folk's political representatives in St. Louis are invariably exposing themselves in the papers as fumbling putterers. If Folk weren't behind and above them, to check them and steer them, they'd all be found in Harry Hawes' pocket, or in the soup. They interfere in their hind feet every time they move. Neither Mr. Stewart, Mr. Maroney nor Mr. Mulvihill, apparently can do anything without falling all over himself in his own light, tipping the fat in the fire, scorching his own fingers and walking like a barefoot man who has stepped on fly-paper.

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CAN nothing be done to bring about the elimination of the *Republic's* editorial page? It is even worse when Dave Francis is in town than when he is out of town. As to its editorial page, the *Republic* should be published on Chesley Island.

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Local Political Conditions

A LOT of Democrats think they have a chance to win the next election in this city because of a split in the local Republican party. There is no split in the local Republican party. There are a few soreheads of the stripe subsidized by Kerens. There is no Kerens faction in the party. There are half a dozen heelers on Kerens' personal pay-roll who are putting up a kick. The party knows no such thing as a Kerens element. The row over the committee doesn't reach down into the rank and file of the party at all. The disgruntled Republicans are confined only to Kerens' strikers who were on the committee to do things for him. They have no following. Local Republicans are united.

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MOREOVER we believe that Mr. William Jennings Bryan's candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, is—away down deep in the inside of him—Joseph Wingate Folk, of Missouri.

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The Mysterious Stranger

MISSOURI seems likely to go Republican again. The Republicans have the better judicial ticket. The Old Guard Democrats and the Folk Democrats are at war in every county, township and precinct. The Old Guard seems to want the State to go Republican in order to blame it on Folk. Decent Democrats would as soon see the party defeated as see the old Dockery-Cook-Hawes crowd on top again. Roosevelt is as strong as he was in 1904, and Mr. Bryan doesn't seem to have bettered the feeling in his party by publicly standing up for leaders in the State who have been discredited. Democrats are disgusted still with the reverberations of the echoes of the alum scandal, with memories of the race-track lobby, with Senator Stone's proclamation of the last election campaign as an abortion. In the cities the Democratic fire-proof gangs will vote against the lid, and with the city

gangs knifing the ticket the old Democratic majority is grievously imperilled. The Republicans are active, organized, heartened by the results of 1904 and nerved to the extreme of effort by the prospects of keeping control of the State's political spoils. Missouri seems very likely indeed to remain in the Republican column.

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Calling for Roosevelt

AND still though President Roosevelt pushes Taft to the front, the people of his party cry "Roosevelt!" The West wants Roosevelt. The politicians of the East don't want him, but don't dare say so. The West will dominate the Republican convention. It will be all over with every other candidate once the name of Roosevelt shall be launched in the national gathering—unless in two years some Republican shall do something *ex propria vigore*, something that isn't Rooseveltian in inspiration and incentive and initiative. There is no Republican party without Roosevelt. The people believe that the party is but sulkily behind the President. No matter whom the party might nominate, other than Roosevelt, the nominee will be under suspicion of only awaiting an opportunity to recede from the Roosevelt policy. There's nothing can make the Republicans nominate another man than Roosevelt, except a big Democratic blunder of some sort. It is Roosevelt that is the alternative to Democracy—and not so much of an alternative at that. To say truth, Roosevelt appears to most people to represent better Democracy than is represented by most Democratic leaders. It is inevitable that the nomination will be tendered to Mr. Roosevelt. Will he accept? No one can answer. Can he accept? That will depend upon what may be the conditions of both the great parties in the summer of 1908. No man can consistently with good citizenship refuse a call to serve his country if that call be honestly made by an earnest aggregation of the country's citizenry. The country has the right to eminent domain even over Mr. Roosevelt. It can draft him into service. Mr. Roosevelt's party has a right to overrule Mr. Roosevelt's determination not to accept, under any circumstances, a renomination.

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A Matter of Police

RACE riot at Atlanta! A score of negroes killed. What does it prove? Only that negro toughs and white roughs are a combination that naturally produces riot and slaughter. More police would prevent such affairs. And the additional police should not be political police. Negro toughs should be suppressed by the police, and not left to the rages of white roughs. The killing of innocent negroes in a mere revel of slaughter is indicative only of the existence of an inadequate or incompetent police supervision of the locality in which it occurs. The nameless crime is a maddening thing, to be sure, but the fact is that race riots, slaughter, hanging, and burning do not put a stop to the crime. A numerically strong police force in the cities, and an efficient rural constabulary would put a stop to the nameless crime quicker than anything else. It would keep the worthless "nigger" on the move to the calaboose, on the rock pile, or out of the country, and if one of them should commit the crime he would be quickly caught, protected against mob violence, brought to speedy trial and given the limit of human justice in short order.

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W. J. B. in a Novel

MISS MARY DILLON, of this city, has written a novel called "The Leader," in which the hero, John Dalton is clearly modeled on the general lines of char-

acter and career of Mr. William Jennings Bryan. John Dalton runs for President and isn't elected. Miss Dillon may have a chance to write a sequel showing her hero's final triumph after another try. We must confess that Mr. Bryan seems much more romantic and interesting as he is himself than he is as John Dalton, though we must confess, too, that there is no living American politician who could be quite so intensively appreciated by a woman as Mr. Bryan. His spotlessness, his purity, his ultra Galahadian, Parsifalian virtuosity of virtue make him an ideal hero for an American woman novelist. It is to his everlasting honor that he wouldn't do at all for the hero of a political *roman a clef* by Lucas Malet, Mrs. Frankau, Iota or the calorific sisterhood of the pen in England. Possibly, however, Mrs. Katharine Cecil Thurston might do something striking with him in his masquerader role of Conservative and Radical, not only synchronously, but simultaneously.

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Disciples of the Don

WE note the formation of a Cervantes Club in St. Louis to foster the spirit of the immortal Knight of La Mancha. We trust that the organization of this club will set many people to reading "Don Quixote." They will find that book to be in essence a very modern philippic against evils that some of them think have but recently come into the world. Cervantes was as much of an anarchist as Rabelais, and his hero was not so crazy as he seemed, for he had a true glimpse of the Vision Splendid—a world void of tyranny, a world void of fear and hate, a world void of the cause of most social ills—privilege. *Don Quixote* may look like an early muck-raker; but read closely the story of his madness and you'll see the beautiful wisdom of his folly. We hope the Cervantes Club will flourish, and the Cervantes cult greatly grow. Also we hope that the disciples of the Don will turn now and then to the fine things hidden under the muck in the work of Maitre Francois Rabelais.

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Unfortunate Mr. Root

POOR Secretary Root! Just as he was coming back from his South American visit to receive a triumph for his services in promoting the *entente cordiale* between this country and its sulky, grumpy, suspicious South American neighbors, up pops the Cuban rebellion and Secretary Taft is sent there to smooth matters out. Cuba's troubles are more sensational than the South American countries' dissatisfaction with our tariff and suspicion of our motives in asserting continental paramountcy. The smell of powder, visions of mad charges in jungles, thoughts of carnage inflame the imagination. In the picture of glorious strife in Cuba is set the gigantic Mr. Taft. The public eye, the public imagination is filled with him. Glory awaits him—the glory of a pacificator. Around him beat the sound waves of discussion as to whether we shall or shall not annex Cuba. He is to arbitrate between the rebels and Palma, between the charges that the rebellion is financed by nefarious Yankee interests, and the charge that the Trusts under Palma have been stealing the Cuban elections for his party with design to steal the island later. Taft gets the big advertisement and eclipses Mr. Root, although the latter's mission and its accomplishment, so far as it accomplished anything, was, and is, of greater importance to the world. Mr. Root has promised the South American countries that we have no schemes against their liberties, that we intend to treat them better in the matter of tariffs, that we won't let Europe bulldoze them to collect bad debts. He has outlined a policy that should mean a vast expansion and extension of trade for this country. His

visit meant, if it means anything, that a great, long, high section of the tariff will be broken down. It signifies great fiscal and economic changes. But who heeds all this? Cuba is nearer home. Cuba was freed by our arms. Cuba is to be saved from herself by us. Cuba is to be saved by us from ourselves—maybe. And Mr. Taft is on the spot. The eyes of the country are on him. There's surface enough of him to accommodate all eyes. Mr. Root comes into the country almost unnoticed. Both are presidential possibilities. Both men are favorites of the President. He has given both opportunities as they came to appeal to the public's imagination by big performance. Always, somehow, Mr. Taft gets the best of it. Not through any intent of President Roosevelt, but by the malice or favor of Fate, as you look at it from the Root or the Taft point of view. Mr. Taft is a lucky man. He hails from Ohio. Mr. Root is a big man who simply can't keep in step with the moving of the spot-light of contemporary glory. Mr. Taft hasn't settled the Cuban muddle yet. He may not be able to settle it at all. But whether the United States intervenes or doesn't intervene, whether Palma abdicates, or doesn't abdicate, Mr. Taft will get full credit for the event, which cannot but redound to this country's glory, in the light of the President's letter to the Cuban's warning them that they are destroying the validity of their claim to be able to govern themselves. But who can withhold from Elihu Root the sympathy that is the meed of one whose good deeds and great are by perverse fortune hidden from view while the smaller, but more spectacular performances of Mr. Taft are blazoned big in the eyes and ears of all men.

♦♦

How Things Go in the Army.

CAPT. JOHN J. PERSHING, Fifteenth Cavalry, whom President Roosevelt has just advanced to the rank of Brigadier-General, according to the *New York Evening Post*, obtains his great promotion at the expense of 257 captains, 364 majors, 131 lieutenant-colonels, and 110 colonels, all of whom he overslaughts. The special excuse for this extraordinary advancement is Capt. Pershing's work while commander of a small force in the Lake Lanao country of Mindanao, in 1902. In its extent and results this achievement would have ranked during our Civil War as one of a thousand raids into the enemy's country to which no special attention was paid. There is, says the *Post*, very considerable difference of opinion in army circles as to the military value of the exploit; some officers maintain that it accomplished little or nothing permanent, and that, so far from being an expedition into country unknown to Americans, officers with small escorts had several times traversed this district without causing any bloodshed whatever, or even being threatened. Obviously, the worth of Capt. Pershing's exploit, and his own personal conduct, ought to have been clearly established, at least to the satisfaction of the service, before being so munificently rewarded. With the theory that Capt. Pershing's promotion was due to his being a son-in-law of Senator Warren, the chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, the *Evening Post* has no sympathy. That, it says, is merely a coincidence, for which Capt. Pershing deserves—from one point of view—commiseration. But the fact remains that Capt. Pershing's brother officers are not at all enthusiastic over his advancement. The resulting injury to the service is manifold: (1) It intensifies the bitterness and dissatisfaction growing out of the advancements or appointments of Grant, Wood, Funston, A. L. Mills and others; (2) it puts a premium on slaughter in the Philippines, as an easy way to high rank, and (3) it does the gravest injustice to the

present colonels of cavalry, some of whom, like Augur, Kerr, and Morton, have well earned promotion. Col. Morton was a private in July, 1861, when Capt. Pershing was exactly ten months old. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt had to make Capt. Pershing a brigadier, or give him no particular reward; but this merely emphasizes the need of a general law affecting all cases of really distinguished service. The *MIRROR* thinks the richest thing in this comment of the leading organ of the mugwumps of Wall street is the airy way in which Pershing's relationship to Warren is slurred over. As if that relationship had no weight at all. The whole army knows different. The army is a spoil of Senatorial social status even as other places are a spoil of politics.

♦♦

Three Good Workers Dead

THREE persons who were large factors in the better life of St. Louis died last week. They were Mrs. M. A. Calkins of the Woman's Humane Society; Carl Daenzer, the founder of the *Anzeiger des Westens*; Father Kielty, a venerable Catholic priest. Father Kielty was known for the cheerfulness of his religion, for the fact that he never preached a long sermon, for the further fact that he was a poor man's priest, though the friend of the rich. Carl Daenzer was an uncompromising radical mugwump, of fiery force. He was a revolutionist of the Carl Schurz sort in his earlier years, later a Democrat, but always the foe of bossism and corruption. Mrs. Calkins fought the battle of the dumb animal against its brutal masters at the cost of much ridicule and occasional humiliation. Each of these persons was distinguished for devotion to other, wider, deeper, higher interests than self. Each was a success, though not in the crass material way in which success has latterly been estimated. Their passing from the scene is to be mourned. They will have successors. The world is never without apostles of truth and goodness. And those to come will be all the better for the example of those who have gone.

♦♦

Local Democratic Primaries

A GREAT conflict is on in the local Democratic party for control in about sixteen wards. There is no general issue. In each of these sixteen wards there is a fight over the membership in the committee. Remotely, this fight over the committee places looks to the control of the city delegation in the campaign for the gubernatorial nomination two years hence. Mr. Hawes seems to have lined up the City Hall, the United Railways, electric light, gas company strength, the race track and bucket-shop push, the brewery interest, and the slum forces generally in a way to insure his control of the new committee. He has picked out three race track, bucket shop, brewery, policy game candidates for the State Senate, and a goodly share of similarly affiliated candidates for the House of Representatives. He has fixed it that Messrs. Kinealy, Blevins, Estes and Bishop shall be nominated for Circuit Judgeships, and possibly Mr. Pat Gill for Sheriff. Mr. Hawes has the "stuff," and that's what counts in a primary. But the surer Mr. Hawes is of dominating things in the interests of the corrupt grafting interests, the surer he is of organizing defeat for his machine at the polls. The *MIRROR* observes that Senator Kinney, as usual, is in opposition to the alliances with privileges and protected corruption. The saloon keeper is with the angels. The F. F. V. boss is with the social and political ghouls. Col. Ed. Butler is out of the melee, being content to hold two or three wards and to enforce the nomination of Colin M. Selph for Congress in the Twelfth District. The Colonel says that Mr. Selph will be

elected, as the Democratic majority in the district is about 8,000. We will not dispute Col. Butler's assertion that Mr. Selph will be elected. The Colonel, it is observed, is still shrewd and sophistic in dialectic. He does not invite disastrous controversy by venturing such an assertion as that Mr. Selph should be elected. A better, more representative Democratic candidate would have been Mr. Thomas A. Anderson, Mr. William R. J. Scullin or Mr. Thomas J. Rowe. The best thing Mr. Selph represents is—Col. Butler.

♦♦

Fight on Gompers

MR. SAMUEL GOMPERS is now said to be facing an organized opposition to his supremacy in the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Gompers is being attacked from the rear in resentment of his fight against several Congressmen who voted against labor interests in the last session of Congress. Mr. Gompers may have failed to defeat Mr. Littlefield for election in Maine, but even his failure has helped the Labor cause. His campaign has made Congress candidates pledge help to the labor element in all sections of the country. There is nothing wrong in forcing labor's claims upon candidates and parties. Labor has as much right to attempt solidarity of political action as capital. If the labor men turn down Gompers, they will be serving only fanatics like C. W. Post and David M. Parry, who oppose labor's right to combine for the attainment of its own right to live and pursue happiness.

♦♦

Up to Mr. Sager.

It's up to Mr. Circuit Attorney Sager to get Boodler Snyder and the men who tried to blackmail Snyder. Sweeney and Ritter have played into the law's hands. Uthoff can be made to come back and testify, too. Mr. Sager can do what his predecessor did. Mr. Sager must get this gang or rest under the imputation of being beaten as an officer of the State by as silly a trick as ever was put up by a crook to evade the consequences of his crimes. Snyder, Sweeney, Ritter and Uthoff have been making a monkey out of Mr. Sager—or think they have. He must show them that while he is not "a boodler specialist" he cannot be put off as a lawyer with such petty trickery as this crowd would appear to have tried on him.

♦♦

No Plague Spot Wanted

It is to be hoped that the Municipal Assembly will pay some attention to the protest of those people residing around the old Fair Grounds against the erection of a so-called "White City." In the first place, the erection of a city of frame buildings of a highly inflammable character should not be permitted within the city's fire limits. Besides this, there is the suggestion of a very necessary caution against a "White City" that may be what the "German Village" was during the World's Fair. The Cella-Adler-Tilles crowd that wants an ordinance to build a tinder town in the old Fair Grounds is not an aggregation that inclines to run a great moral show. What they have done or protected in the doing in the county is enough to make people chary of approving any enterprise of Cella-Adler-Tilles near their homes. The Evangelical Alliance has protested against the proposed "White City." The bill to permit the building of frame structures in the Fair Grounds should be defeated. If wood structures cannot be built it is not likely that the promoters will go to the expense of erecting buildings of brick or stone or steel. Residents of the region near the Fair Grounds want no "White City" that may turn out to be a social plague spot.

"Anti-Pass Baker"

ANTI-PASS BAKER is running for Congress again in Brooklyn. In the 58th Congress he was a figure that was insuppressible. He tried to smash all the rules that stifle discussion. He said things that were startlingly true, but were not quite in line with the traditional way of putting things in the House. He was a radical and he acted radically, though he did nothing that was indelicate. His returning his pass to a railroad attorney, with the assertion that he didn't care to be bribed whether the railroad intended it or not, was much ridiculed at the time, but behold the result in the anti-pass section of the new rate regulation bill. Mr. Baker may be too "explosive"; he may be "indiscreet"; he may be devoid of the faintest trace of "policy"; but he is an earnest and sincere man, holding to vital truths and with the courage to proclaim them at all times and places. Ridicule may attract attention to Mr. Baker. But Mr. Baker doesn't care. Ridicule cannot kill truth. Mr. Robert "Anti-pass" Baker should be elected by the Brooklynites in spite of Pat McCarran and the monopoly-mouthers' denunciations of him as a "crank."

♦♦♦

The Tax That Can't Be Shifted

By James G. Maguire

Many persons writing the Mirror in criticism of its Single Tax advocacy advance the idea that the remedy is no remedy because the landlord would shift the tax upon the tenant so as to make the renter pay the increase of tax upon the land values. This answer to this contention made by Hon. James G. Maguire, of San Francisco, is clipped from James H. Barry's San Francisco Star, the most fearlessly able and ably fearless radical journal in the United States.

A TAX on land values irrespective of improvements (the Single Tax) cannot be shifted. On the contrary it will eventually cause a very considerable reduction of rent.

There is no analogy between the effects of taxation upon land values and the effect of taxation falling upon wealth produced by labor. The reason that taxes laid upon production, or upon wealth produced by labor, can always be shifted is that such a tax burdens production and constitutes one of the expenses of production, which must be paid out of the price charged for the product, or production of that commodity will be checked. With the checking of production the supply of the commodity will be limited in the market, and by the operation of the law of supply and demand, the supply being diminished, the price will increase until it covers the tax.

If land were produced by human labor the heavy taxation of land values would tend to discourage the production of land until the price of land would rise sufficiently to cover the tax; but no man is engaged in producing land. It is a natural product, and its natural supply remains unchanged, regardless of the taxes levied upon it. But taxation has a direct effect upon the available supply of land in the market. The heavy taxation of land values forces land into the market at whatever prices can be obtained for it, thus increasing the available supply to purchasers and renters and, by the same law of supply and demand, reducing the rent and the selling price instead of increasing them.

Another effect of the single tax would be the exemption of houses from taxation, and this exemption would tend to encourage men to invest their capital in the building of houses, thus tending to increase the supply of houses and to further decrease the renting price by increasing the competition for tenants among the owners of houses. To illustrate both of these propositions, I need only refer to the vacant lots held idle for speculative purposes in the thickly settled portions of all great cities. The owners can now afford to pay taxes upon these idle lots, because their average

annual increase in value is very much greater than the amount of taxes paid.

It is therefore a profitable speculation to pay the taxes on such lots and keep them out of use. Besides, if the owners of the lots would build houses on them now, the people would compel them to pay a penalty of about 2 per cent per annum upon the value of the houses, whether in use or idle, thus making the investment in such improvements less profitable, considering the risk of fire and other dangers, than an investment in land or in untaxed Government bonds. But suppose that the buildings to be erected on such lots should be untaxed, then at once an investment in such buildings, all other conditions remaining the same, would be 2 per cent more profitable than it is at present, and capital would be attracted to building. The great importance of that exemption of 2 per cent appears in the fact that net interest, in the money centers of Europe, is only 2½ per cent.

Let us suppose that the owner of one of the downtown lots, who now pays a tax of \$1000 per annum, would be compelled to pay to the public something near the annual rental value of the lot—say about \$4000 per annum, and that he would pay no more taxes if he had an improvement like the James Flood Building, corner of Powell and Market streets, (in St. Louis the comparison would be relatively the Bank of Commerce Building on Broadway and Olive street), upon it—how long do you suppose he would keep the land idle and pay a tax upon it equal to its entire rental value? It would, of course, be as good for use as it is at present, but it would not be as good an investment for speculation as it is at present.

The increased burden of taxation upon the monopoly privilege of holding the lot would make it absolutely necessary to use the lot in such manner as to make it yield the amount of the tax, or to improve and lease it in order that the owner might be saved from the irreparable loss that would be involved in paying taxes upon it while holding it in idleness. Improvement and use would save him from burden, but the prospective increase of values would not enable him as now to reap a golden harvest by keeping it in idleness.

It is needless to multiply examples, for the effect which the single tax would have upon the particular lot in the case supposed, it would have upon all land—rural and urban—which is now subject to private ownership. Now, if the taxation of land values only would have a tendency, as I have shown, to encourage and to compel the erection of houses upon all vacant lots in cities, and the productive use of rural lands, thus vastly increasing the available supply of houses and holdings for sale and to let, does it not follow, with the clearness of demonstration, that the resulting competition among landlords to secure tenants and

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purchasers would compel them to reduce instead of increasing their rents and their prices.

How, then, can they shift the taxes upon their tenants? It would be utterly impossible for them to do so. Land rent is fixed by a law entirely independent of taxation. It is fixed by the value of the land for use, and no amount of taxation can increase that value. If you should build two stores exactly alike in all their appointments, one at Ocean View, (a suburb of San Francisco), and the other on Market street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, (the heart of the town), you could get one hundred times as much rent for the latter as you could get for the former, not because of the difference in taxes upon the respective places, but because of the superior commercial advantages of the latter location.

To impose the same tax on the Ocean View store that would fall on the Market street store would not improve the value of the Ocean View store for use.



Kindly Caricatures No. 75.

CYRUS P. WALBRIDGE

It would not in the least tend to equalize the commercial advantages of the two locations, and the rent of the Ocean View store could not be increased to cover the tax. So with rural lands. The tax could not be added either to the rent or to the product, for substantially the same reasons that I have already given in discussing its effects upon urban lands. But it is not necessary to discuss this phase of the question at greater length. All political economists, from Adam Smith to Henry George, are agreed that taxes laid upon land values cannot be shifted.

Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations" (book 5, chapter 2, part 2, article 1), says:

"A tax upon ground rents would not raise the rents of houses; it would fall altogether upon the owner of the land, who acts always as a monopolist and exacts the greatest rent which can be got for the use of his ground."

"Whether the tax was to be advanced by the inhabitant or the owner of the ground would be of little importance. The more the inhabitant was obliged to pay for the tax the less he would incline to pay for the ground, so that the final payment of the tax would fall altogether upon the owner of the ground rent."

J. B. Say, the great French economist, in his work on "Political Economy" (volume 2, book 3, chapter 8, section 2), says:

"An acre of vineyard or corn land will only produce a given quantity of grain or wine, whatever be the rates of taxation, which may take the one-half or three-quarters of the net produce, or rent as it is called, and yet the land be tilled for the remaining one-half or one-quarter. The rent, that is to say the portion assigned to the proprietor, will be reduced, and that is all. The reason will be manifest to anyone who considers that in the case supposed, the land continues to raise and supply the market with the same amount of produce as before; while, on the other hand, the motives in which the demand originated remain just as they were."

"If, then, the intensity of supply and demand must both remain the same in spite of any increase or diminution of the ratio of direct taxation upon the land, the price of the product supplies will likewise remain unchanged, and nothing but a change of price can saddle the consumer with any portion whatsoever of that taxation."

John Stuart Mill, in his "Principles of Economy" (book 5, chapter 3, section 2), states his conclusion on this subject in the following language:

"A tax on rent falls wholly on the landlord. There are no means by which he can shift the burden upon anyone else. It does not affect the value or price of agricultural produce, for this is determined by the cost of production in the most unfavorable circumstances, and in those circumstances, as we have so often demonstrated, no rent is paid. A tax on rent, therefore, has no effect, other than its obvious one. It merely takes so much from the landlord and transfers it to the State."

It thus appears, I think conclusively, that a tax upon the value of land falls always directly and finally upon the owner, and that with the exception of poll taxes, it is the only tax which cannot be shifted to the shoulders of the poor.

Kindly Caricatures

[75] Cyrus P. Walbridge

THIS smile—it is almost a smirk—has carried Cyrus P. Walbridge a long way into commercial and political prominence. At least that's what his enemies might say, with apparent, but only apparent, justification.

Mr. Walbridge was once our Mayor, and a good one. He could make almost as pretty or neat a five minute speech as the late Benjamin Harrison, and Harrison was our greatest master of that sort of thing.

Mr. Walbridge is a nice man. He's so nice that he may be said almost to be indecisive in character.



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The rapid growth of this department is of itself the best reason for believing that our boys' clothes are superior. It grew by your favor, and we won your favor by giving you best satisfaction.

You'll concede the force of our arguments when you see these new and clever little garments that we offer.

Neat Sailor Suits for boys of 5 to 14 years, in all the newest effects brought out this season—

\$5.00 to \$20.00

A very attractive variety in Russian Blouse Suits for the little fellows of 2½ to 6 years, at from—

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New Norfolk and double-breasted styles with Knickerbocker trousers; ages 8 to 16 years—

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Top Coats and Reefers for boys of all ages; charming novelty models, in the most exclusive designs we've ever displayed.

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The Republic Building,
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He is a master of graceful compromise, which means that he can compromise without compromising himself.

As President of the Business Men's League for several terms he was a master balancer, so skillful that he never came to grief until the terminal question became acute and then as between Terminal interests in his committees and the popular interest among non-favored shippers he split upon the rock of decision. He got out of the office.

When he was Mayor the cyclone hit the town. When other cities proffered help he said St. Louis could take care of its own. . . . Well, St. Louis didn't take care of its own. Lots of people who should have been helped couldn't be helped, because the inflow of money had been stopped by the Mayor's proclamation. For this the citizens of the wind-swept district never forgave him. Their resentment has since pursued him in politics.

In business Mr. Walbridge is at the head of a great drug house, founded by his father-in-law. It is, of course, a conservative house. It makes a good deal of money without ever making much noise.

When the Republican party, after lauding Joe Folk to the skies, put Mr. Walbridge up against him for Governor, it did a mean trick. Mr. Walbridge was the only man on his State ticket not elected. Except as to him Missouri went Republican. It wasn't Mr. Walbridge's fault. But it looks bad. It is doubtful if the gentleman will ever recover from the ominous distinction that was forced upon him when he led the forlorn hope against a popular idol with an ideal behind him.

This is too bad, for Cyrus P. Walbridge is a man with more than a smile and a gift of sweet speech. Barring his caution, he's a man of fine parts. He is

intelligent and he sees things in their larger aspects. He is a man of some unobtrusive culture, and certainly a person whom it is a pleasure to meet on committees or at the festal board. He has a good grasp of politics and of business; but he seems to see too clearly all sides of a question, and this makes for an indeterminate attitude. Besides he is sensitive and shrinks from the slap-dash criticism the papers deal out to a man who doesn't agree with them.

Some one said Senator Allison would have been President years ago "if ever he had gone out and kicked in somebody's slats." Apply this upon a somewhat inferior plane and you have the secret of Mr. Walbridge's not winning a position which might, in a way, challenge or dispute that of David R. Francis. There has never been in St. Louis a Republican who was quite so well liked as Mr. Walbridge has been and is.

As member of the House of Delegates, President of the Council, Mayor, President of the Business Men's League, head of committees to Washington, etc., he has always been efficient and attractive. It seems like a mystery that he should not be more than he is in this community. But it isn't a mystery. It is all due to his disinclination for hard going in rough places. If things had come a little rougher for him he would have been a more compelling personality in the community.

But taking him for what he is he's a man that isn't ignored in any public movement. He's great for pouring oil on troubled waters, for getting pretty near to an end, around rather than over obstacles, without smashing anything or musing people up. His are diplomatic gifts and talents. His is the genius for the soft answer. There's a touch of the poet in him. It comes out in his speeches—a little strain as

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of the minor chord. Maybe it's this that makes him deficient in the point of action. He is comprehensive, as well as sensitive, and too much comprehension isn't good for one. A man, to knock things about, must have prejudices and be blind on one side as to everything.

It is doubtful if there is another man in St. Louis better equipped as to the refined qualities of mind than Mr. Walbridge. There is no business man in politics or public affairs who has his ease, his poise, his catholicity of interest, his happiness of expression. His weird adroitness commands admiration. He shines bright when the light is on him, but he doesn't seem to care to keep in the light. The flavor of the humanities is in him. Perhaps it is this that holds him back from designed publicity or notoriety. The glare and blare may be too coarse for his taste. He looks possibly for finer values in life than there are in the forum or the market place.

Some day, perhaps, his party will do something fitting for him. He has gifts that are done an ill turn when they are left in obscurity. He can grace any position in a way to make his fellow citizens proud of him. If only he'd drop the role of the smoother out of things and "get out and make a rough house!" He is clever and clean and careful, not to say cautious. He has some steam, too, in his work. He can ingratiate himself with men. All he needs in order to attain greatness in this community is to get as mad as the devil and stay that way and go out and do something. We do not deny the indulgence of a faint hope

that this comment upon Bloch's caricature of him may superinduce something of the mood we assert as requisite to his rising to some high public achievement.

Espionage to Stop Bank Stealings

RECENTLY the New York Institute of Bank Clerks passed a resolution that they would try to prevent defalcations like that of Hipple or Stensland by reporting to their superiors whatever they may observe, in the round of their clerky duties, that they think suspicious in the conduct of any of their associates in the bank, superior or subordinate. Several banks and trust companies have called on all their employees thus to keep up espionage on officers and other attaches. The announcement of one company notifies every employee that "if at any time he or she has knowledge or suspicion of any irregularities on the part of any of the officers or clerks in connection with the business of the company, it shall be the duty of such employee to at once notify the executive committee of the board of directors of such irregularities, who will, in their discretion, withhold the name of their informant. Should it be found that any employee has had knowledge of such irregularities, and has not reported the same to the executive committee, such employee will be deemed to have had guilty knowledge and will be dealt with accordingly." It is probable

that some such measure of precaution will be urged upon and adopted by the American Bankers' Association at their annual convention in this city next month.

It won't do. "The laws of business evolution," says "Credo Experto," in the *New York Nation*, "tend steadily to make it impossible for subordinates to interfere effectively with their superiors' management, for good or evil, without drawing heavy monitory punishment on themselves, while effecting no provable good to the business."

"The exposure must be made either before the mismanagement or corruption has become ruinous, or after it. If the former, the chief, who has a large business repute and connection, and whose word will be believed by the whole mass of the business world against the unrepented clerk, will simply deny that there was any danger. At most, he may have made some mistakes in judgment, perhaps broken some technical rules for the sake of profiting his company, but without wrongful intent, but he will thereafter conform to the regulations, etc., etc. The business world will hold the 'exposure' to be at best great cry and little wool, and most likely inspired by malice, disappointment, intrigue, or folly; and the clerk may as well resign himself to a new career outside that trade. The very ones benefited by the clean-up will dislike him for disturbing business; the most honest heads or directors will think a business rebel not a desirable subordinate. For one reason or another, there will be no new place within the branch which the clerk has learned, the only one he is trained for, and in per-

Nugent's

Sensational Rug Sale

Over 1000 Rugs will be offered. Real Oriental, Wilton, Axminster, Body Brussels, Tapestry, Kashmir and Smyrna.

All priced in This Sale at Sensational Concessions from Regular Values.

Remember, these are all woven designs and perfectly matched, none made from carpet remnants or with mitered corners.

NO "Seconds," but all first-class goods.

ORIENTAL RUGS

\$1.10 for Real Oriental Rugs, worth \$2.50. These are the genuine Anatolian mat and will last a lifetime.

\$2.95 for Real Anatolian Rugs, with long, heavy pile, worth \$4.50.

\$3.75 for Real Anatolian Rugs, with rich silky pile, worth \$6.50.

\$5.95 Hamadan Rugs with medallion centers; a very desirable rug; average size, 2.6x3.6; worth \$9.00.

\$6.00 Oriental Rugs, all hand made, designed and woven by the Chinese at Pekin, China; they wear forever; worth \$15.00.

\$7.50 Genuine Kellm Rugs, closely woven, size 3.2x6.2, worth \$12.50.

Shirvan Oriental Rugs, closely woven, average size 3.6x4.8, worth up to \$16.50 \$9.50

Shirvan Rugs, made in the Caucasian district north of Persia; average size 3.6x4.9; worth up to \$18.50 \$12.50

Shirvan Oriental Rugs, closely woven, approaching the finest Persian in quality; average size 3.8x5.7; worth up to \$27.50 \$15.00

Chinese Oriental Rugs direct from the Orient; they are handmade from the best quality wool, colorings from best vegetable dyes; size 8x10 feet; worth \$50.00 \$27.50

Size 10.0x12.6; worth \$85.00 \$40.00

Size 12.6x15.0; worth \$100.00 \$53.75

Size 12.6x15.0; worth \$125.00 \$61.00

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haps middle age the only one he can well acquire. This will be the reward of honest courage.

"On the other hand, if the exposor waits till the impending ruin is certain, and he cannot be accused of discovering mares' nests, the case is far worse. The only good he accomplishes is to prevent a few more innocents being deluded before the crash comes; and he will gain no credit even for that. A chorus of denunciation and contempt will arise—many and many a time has arisen: 'If you knew the danger, why didn't you make it known earlier? Why did you leave so many honest people to be drawn in and ruined? It is perfectly evident that what ails you is not conscience, but funk. You waited as long as there was anything for you to get out of it, and only peeped when you saw that your position was as good as gone, and you could earn a little cheap credit for exposing what was bound to expose itself very shortly.' Equally he is hated and dropped.

"There have been a few cases where clerks or strong heads of departments have exposed thieving associates in the way indicated, but there have been very many more when upon such complaint or report, the informer has been snubbed. In one case the State's appointed guardian went straight to the accused head and told him every word of the clerk's confidential information, and took the magnate's word that it was all false, without examining the documents or consulting parties in adverse interest. In a word, the reason why few subordinates will ever check their official heads, even out of loyalty to the interests the employer is betraying, is because in its own possible interest the business clan-family will always ban and punish such a course."

Newlywed (proudly): I always make it a point to tell my wife anything that happens.

Old Sport—Pooh! That's nothing. I tell my wife lots of things that never happen at all.—*London Tatler*.

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jen:

A WFLY exciting lawn party at the St. Louis Club last week. So Ruth Leggett told me. Ruth was the only girl there, and mebbe she didn't have a dandy time, though, with all those lovely young men like Rolla Wells and John Lee and A. M. Blackwell and Andy Bauer. Just the same, Jen, those men know how to give a young girl the good time, all right, and don't you forget it. They just hustle the waiters and see that you are provided with plenty of cigarettes—heavings, dearest, I didn't mean that—what I meant to say was seltzer lemonades, did you understand, darling? And they are always on the keen jump to see whether your wrap is handy and whereabouts you've laid your fan and on the double quick, too, Jane. They can give the single men cards and spades on the attention question every old time in spring. The St. Louis Club bachelors are pretty selfish and stingy, Jen, if you don't care what you say—I mean generally. Club life tends toward contemplation of the inner man, anyway, and is prone to turn anybody from the study of his fellow creatures to the study of his dinner menu. I have not yet made up my mind as to its effect in this manner on the club woman. And yet most of the Wednesday Club members, likewise those of the Tuesday and the Monday Evening, the Afterthought, the Hind-side, and the Between Drinks, appear to be both sleek and well-fed. One can never tell, and as club women seldom give dinner parties, and never to me, I am unable to even guess their interest in cookery. I do honestly know one club woman in Chicago, Jane, whose name is a household slogan in every state where clubs flourish—can't tell you, for she was here not so long ago, gathering the clans together, and so it won't do, but she has a big husky guy for a husband who is German by ancestry and domestic by



An assortment of very beautiful evening gowns is in readiness for parties wishing to secure gowns for the Veiled Prophet's Ball at short notice. These gowns are of unusually refined and elegant styles and can be fitted to all figures with slight alteration.

MISS HOWORTH

4613 Maryland Avenue

temperament, and harken to me wurrds, darling, he has—now, for heaven's sake don't laugh or it'll be all over with you and me—he has put up all the fruit they're going to use this summer—alone and unaided, except for a gas stove and an apple parer—the patent kind. His wife went to St. Paul to attend an annual convention of Colonial Dames, and had to read four papers in Boston, shortly after that, at some other convening of clubby ladies, and so he took the bull by the horns and the grapes off their stems, and I'll bet you four dollars in stage money that Mrs. Wife isn't telling anybody, either, how she got seven dozen jars of preserves on her closet shelves. Ain't it a burning shame? Some poor, long-suffering men never get the credit of half their virtues. Where was I at, Jane? Oh, yes, the hilarious St. Louis Club garden party. It rained, dearest. Not the next day, but that night, and Ruth said they all had to hot-foot for the house, and that Charles Clark's English mutton-chop whiskers, that had been specially laundered for the occasion, were liberally besprinkled while he helped Mrs. Will Gardner over the damp grass and under the shade of the sheltering bay trees on the porch. Do wish that club would give some bang-up things this winter, if only for the sake of its reputation. They're getting to be worse than the University, and that's about the limit, Jane. Guess they're all as "near" as they can get without causing comment. Sometimes it does, this nearness. Ever hear that ancient and time-honored joke that Alfred Robyn played on John Davis one Sunday afternoon at the University, when a lot of men were sitting round in the smoking room, swapping lies and drinking buttermilk? The talk turned on the topic of treats, and one man ventured the assertion that John Davis did less of it than any other man in the club. The spokesman was not disputed. Just then John heaved into view. Freddy Robyn, who's mischievous mood was with him that day, sprung a bet of some largeness on the assembly, saying that he'd wager any fellow in the crowd that he'd get John to treat the whole bunch inside of ten minutes. His bet was promptly taken and the men sat back ready for the fray. John ambled in. "Hello, John," said Fred. "We're having a German argument. Do you know any German?" John modestly admitted that he did. "Well," went on Freddy, "then what does 'Was wollen sie haben' mean?"

"Why, that's easy, said John, 'What will you have?'" looking around the room for confirmation.

"Thanks, old man," said Freddy, "A pousse cafe, I think."

"Champagne cup for me," spoke the ever ready Charlie Platt from the corner, and by cracky, Jane, every man in the room had the name of his drink out before John knew where he was at. He took the chaff good-naturedly, though, and stood treat like a gentleman and a scholar. But mebbe Freddy didn't buy things when the fellows paid up. He was in about five hundred dollars, so the story goes.



Remember that stout and energetic John Carter, with the tailor-made brisk little wife? Well, dearest, John is writing a book of verse, blank verse, I understand, a sort of epic poem entitled "The Ruthless Razor, or Asleep at the Switch." The first edition has been already printed, and the second may be out soon, about as soon as John gets out of the hospital. Literature like that sometimes is debilitating, Jane, and they tell me John is recuperating from its potent effects. Speaking with all gestic and gibes aside, dearest, Johnny met with a sad accident the other night—it was some late early hour, and he was going somewhere with somebody—you see, the details don't much matter, only he's had the devil of a time getting the thing straight—they were in his machine and the doosid thing broke down on a street car switch and an owl car likely to rush along most any minute, Jane, and while John and his male companion were out digging in the earth under the rear gearing and perfuming the night air with pungent paragraphs, a

to get facetious. 'Twas more than the Carter blood could stand, Jen, and who shall blame him if he undertook to knock out one blackie after the first round of pleasantries had been passed. Mr. Black was armed to the whiskers, and so John got a nasty cut in the shoulder, and had to be run into the hospital and said he was John Smith or something, to the officer on the beat, which was distinctly foolish, Jane—because it always causes so much discussion the next day but one, in the newspapers—they do much speculating as to whys and wherefores, and now he is getting well of the cut, and the negro is still at large, Jane. Ain't that awful, and suppose the latter should repeat the performance?



The Overstolz girls are home, home again. Pleasant thought, eh? Saw the one that studied to be a lawyer floating down Olive street yesterday, her legal mind not the least bit distracted by a flopping hat covered with red roses a foot in diameter, and one

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of those diaphanous directoire boas round her shoulders—she looked the apple pie all right, and maybe that's the correct legal costume this season. I must ask Daisy Barbee, oh, no! I can't. She got married, didn't she? Well, anyhow, I'm strong for Katherine Overstolz, and she can settle my legal tangles for me any old time. She'd be sure to prejudice the jury in five minutes if they saw that be-ruffled and be-ribboned and becoming boa, begorry.

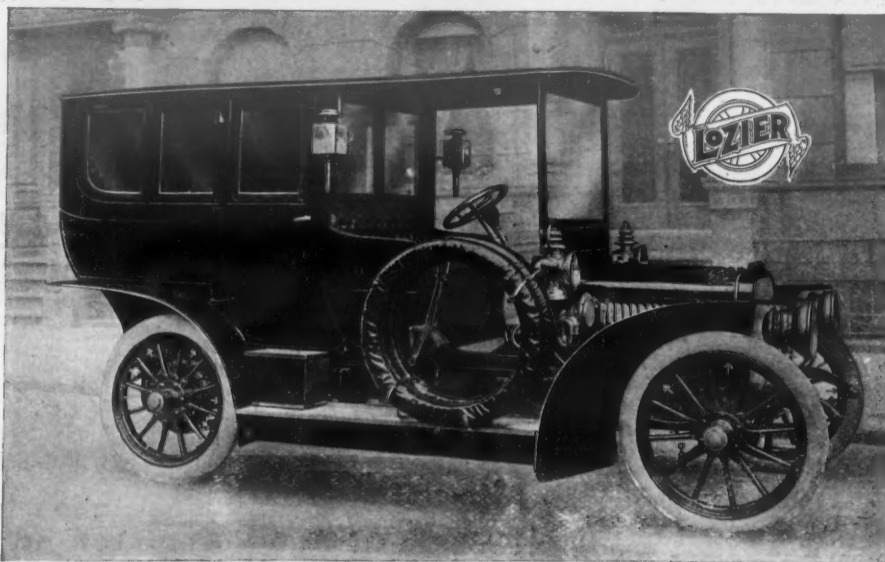
Told you last week the crop-o' buds wasn't worth mentioning. Made a mistake. Marguerite Tower is about to bloom. Ever hear of Marguerite? Oh, yes, you have, dearest. She's the George Towers' daughter, and she was the Mary Institute graduate a year or so ago who got a house and lot and a stock farm and a diamond tiara and a coach and four, and a few more little trifles like those for graduating presents. She is Mrs. Kehlor's granddaughter—the Vandeventer place family—and mebbe they aren't going to throw the coin in her behalf, though. The Towers live down on South Grand avenue, in that beautiful old-fashioned house with perfectly scrumptious grounds, and instead of staying there and entertaining under their own vine and fig tree, what do you suppose they've done, Jane? Why, gone and rented Mrs. Joe Chambers' big house, on Berlin, furnished for the winter, and lo! Marguerite will be brought out in the West End, don't you know, where she can see Westmoreland place from the upper windows, and watch Grandpa Cochran drive home in his victoria with the new Sluder baby on his knee. Gosh! but he's crazy over Ella's baby! You know Ella didn't marry until, —until, well, she didn't, anyhow, and Doc Sluder and she have already been married for two years and a half, and so, dear, scrumptious Mr. Cochran had just about given up hope of dangling any grandchildren on his amply cushioned knee when along came this bouncing boy. Ain't it lovely? To return to the Towers, Jane, they've done it,—rented the house, Jane, and my land sakes, but there will be doings.

❖
Sam Thompson's our warm baby. He's arrested for speeding, or he smashes his machine, or he gives a waiter a \$45 tip, or he flips a coin for a thousand, or he does some other stunt of that sort every night. And to think how hard his father worked to get this money, and the worry he was put to, in order that Sam shouldn't do just what he's doing. Still Sam makes talk among the Johnnies—and the "lodies" are laying for him.

❖
Col. George S. McGrew is to get out of the Glen Echo Club that he founded and ran. The new blood doesn't care now that the Captain carried the club for years, that he did all the work that made the club, and that he put a good deal of life into it. They didn't like the idea of the steward's sending special cuts or juicy broilers to the Captain's quarters. They just rose up and objected to the Captain having any favors or privileges as the father of the club. They even got off in corners and grumbled about "graft." The Captain quits in disgust.

❖
Richard Miller's portrait of Will S. Eames, the brilliant bachelor architect, is the art sensation of the minute. It's wonderful—this picture of Will. It has that odd mixture of grinniness and sensitiveness in the corners of the mouth, and that keen, critical eye. More than that, it gives you not only the artistic and scientific Eames, but Eames, the *bon vivant* of the Cascade Club. I think it's the best local portrait that Miller has done, and its startling revelative truth leads me to agree with Emily Hutchings, who says that "Miller is another Sargent."

❖
It must have been awful—that blow-out that was given Nahan Franko, the conductor, at Strauss' "growlery" the other evening, judging by the shape in which Franko appeared at the Alps Friday evening. He was all unstrung. Too much spaghetti, I suppose. They make it awful strong at the growlery; too strong for the refined organisms of musicians and artists. It almost knocked out Sadakichi Hartmann about six months ago. But Franko had a good time. Maybe they'll get him to come here and run the Choral Symphony in place of Ernst. They're talking about it. But what I want to say is this, that Strauss is the one man in St. Louis who does something for the visiting voyageurs of art and literature. The higher Bohemianism is represented by Strauss. His pretty



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the stiff and dull and frosty Commercial Club or the Contemporary you can go to Strauss' and meet the celebrities, and meet them in a proper setting of good fellows with the right edible and potable accompaniments. Strauss is the Macaenas of Bohemia here, and a good one. For all of which St. Louis gives

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BOTH PHONES

little credit to J. C. Strauss. In this connection I hear that the good fellows are going to get together in a new club to be named after Don Quixote's creator, Cervantes. It will be conducted in the spirit of high foolishness that immortalizes the Knight of La Mancha, and its first blow-out will be held next Saturday night at Faust's. T. K. H., whose sidelights in the daily *Globe-Democrat* refresh you, even in Paris, is a leading light in the Cervantes' Club.

❖

We are expecting a sensation here when Dave Francis comes back from seeing kings and emperors, accompanied by Bud. He has been infected with court manners. I know a St. Louis woman whom he met in Berlin. She was walking and Dave was riding in a cab. He spied her, jumped out, ran up to her, doffed his hat and there on the public street bent over and kissed her hand. Isn't that gallantry for you, my Jane-lets? Imagine him doing that at the Veiled Prophet's ball. Oh yes, he's going to be at that ball all right. He will enter all alone at a signal and Bud Dozier will follow bearing all Dave's medals, ribbons, garters, crowns, etc., on a red velvet pillow. They will both appear in silk knee breeches such as they wore at the various courts.

❖

The Veiled Prophet has come, or thereabouts, Jane. The annual ball will be pulled off next week. Stingy things! they never even sent out souvenirs this

year—and the cards of invitation—whew! The tissue paper umbrella inside looks like a comic valentine. I have placed mine on the parlor mantel, Jane, where it will attract the attention of our cousins from up state—they always come for the ball. But the Prophets have given themselves nice souvenirs of cut-glass and silver. Some people kick, but the Prophets pay for the blowout and they have a right to make themselves presents if they want to. It costs a prophet a chunk of plunks per year to belong, you know.

❖

Remember those stunning Hayes girls who visit here a good deal? Both of 'em going to be married soon. Their father is the big railroad gun, Charles Hayes, and his wife was a Gregg, sister of Norris and Will. They live in Canada, and Margery is to wed George Hall, of that old and eminently respectable Hall family here yabs and yabs ago, Jane. One of the daughters married Winnie Churchill, who's last book is a caution, Jane. George isn't much on St. Louis now. He lives in a subub of Boston. The other sister is to marry in Canada.

❖

Marie Tracy Wygant is here visiting the O'Fallon Delaneys, and so is her great pal, Marie Berthold Gundy, also provided with two infants. Those two girls were married about the same time—both did well, both have two kids and otherwise insist on doing stunts in twos. Both pretty women, also. Loads

of folks getting home. But nothing in the refreshment line as yet—wait till after the V. P. and the Horse Show—they say some of the swell women are going to drive and ride in the ring—like Mrs. Julius S. Walsh, Jr., who was the athletic Clara Bell of Kaintuck, you know, and Mrs. Dave Calhoun, who'll do anything once and all things well, and Mrs. Sam Davis—bet money she doesn't—and others. We'll see.

BLUE JAY.

❖❖❖

"Signalled"

By R. B. Cunningham-Graham

THE Casino rooms were crowded. French, English, Poles, Russians, and an occasional Japanese, looking just like a monkey who had escaped from freedom in the woods and voluntarily had put the chains of trousers and of coats about his limbs, all jostled in the throng. Above them hung the concentrated scent of all the perspirations of their different races, mingled with every essence that the perfumer's art affords to mitigate the odors which humanity distills. All were well dressed, and eighteen centuries of culture and of care had culminated in making everyone alike. Thus all spoke French, of course with varying accents; but as they all read the same books, had the same thoughts, and wore the



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selfsame clothes, the accident of accent did not separate them, and they formed one immense, well-scented family as to exteriors, though with their hands all secretly raised against each other, and their tongues wagging ceaselessly in calumny, just as a bulrush wags by the edge of some old millrace, half filled up with mud.

All round the tables men and women stood, pushing and elbowing, and with their eyes fixed on the money on the cloth, adoringly, as it had been the Holy Graal and they all vowed to search for and to grasp it, at the peril of their souls.

Men who at home were magistrates and pillars of a church, or modern reformers of some county council, gazed at the demi-mondaines as they went to and fro brushing against the players to attract attention, with their eyes aflame or with a swinish puckering of their lips, which spoke of lust unsatisfied, not from religious principles, but from the fear of spies and interfering friends.

They eyed the women just as a starving dog looks at a butcher's shop, sideways and lurkingly, for fear a blow may fall upon him, out of some quarter unforeseen. Smartly dressed women looked at their sisters of the demimonde half with dislike, half with approval as if they somehow understood that they, although they were transgressors of trades-union rules, were helping them in their life's strife with man; whilst others with the color rising in their cheeks pressed up against them as they passed, just as cats press against a chair, meeting their eyes with a bold comprehending stare. Remote from all the rest in a cane rocking-chair there sat a girl, thin, dark and dressed quite quietly, so quietly that at first sight you might have taken her for a young married woman who had got separated from her friends and had sat down to rest.

Her high-heeled shoes just tapped upon the ground as the chair rocked, and as it balanced to and fro

revealed her stockings half way up the calf, so fine and worked so open, that it appeared the hair upon the flesh might pass between the stitching just as a little fish escapes through the fine meshes of a net.

Men passed before her, in the half-sneaking and half-swaggering way that men assume before a woman whom they have held between their arms a night or two ago, and whom they dare not openly in public recognize, although they want the world to see that they are well acquainted, and in its censure half applaud the fact. Their hands involuntarily just touched their hats, and as they looked an inch or two above her head murmured a greeting, and then straightening their legs they fell into a strut, as of a bull-fighter who has been nearly caught by the bull's horns, and wants the crowd to think he is not frightened as he edges to the limits of the ring. She gave her salutation by a half rising of her eyebrows, and a faint smile half of amusement and half contempt, just flickered on her lips, as someone with his wife or daughter on his arm, suddenly flushed or paled and looked with interest at the chandelier as he passed opposite her chair. Callow and fledgling youths boldly saluted her, coloring as they did so to their hair, whilst grave and decorated men just raised their eyes, and fat provincials wildly plunged and bolted at the sight of her, just like young horses faced suddenly in a deep lane by the fierce rattle of a motor-car.

Still nothing in her dress or manner was unlike that of a hundred other women in the rooms, as she sat quietly at the receipt of custom, watching her various acquaintances as they passed by, give by their guilty looks the lie both to the faith and the morality they held, and which no doubt, she held herself as sacred, and as fixed as are the poles, although she saw them outraged in her person twenty times a week, just as in Spain, 'tis said, that a society founded to protect the lower animals, finding itself in difficulties,

arranged a bull-fight to increase its funds and clear away its debts.

But as she sat indifferent, waiting what fate should send her, to her amazement, another girl, but little younger than herself, sat down beside her, and with "*il fait tray sho naisceparç*," fell into conversation with her as easily as if they had been friends.

The girl, who knew the world, glanced at her quickly, half thinking that the stranger came from some island in the Ægean Sea, but saw at once her island lay to the north, and that she had addressed her in pure innocence of heart.

Though she had often seen fair English girls, dressed in short skirts, boisterous in manner, fresh-colored and half manlike in their ways, striding along as if their knees would burst their petticoats, this was the first time she had met or spoken to one, and the experience, somehow brought the blood into her cheeks.

"Yes it is hot," she said, and stole a glance half of amazement, half approbation at the fresh English girl, who seated by her side seemed quite unconscious of the difference in their lives and talked so naturally and in such curious French. She marked her sunburned hands, gloveless and strong as those of a young man, and, made observant by the manner of her life, saw she was pretty at a glance, although her clothes were ugly and her fair hair all gathered in a knot. As she thought upon this thing and on that, and on the shielded life of the fair English girl, so little younger than herself, and on her own, a flush rose on her face as she perceived that she was shy before the other's innocence and want of knowledge of the world. At first the conversation languished, till the stranger, who had sat down with so much lack of ceremony beside her, looking her over with wide-open eyes, said, "I liked the look of you, as I was straying up and down, looking out for my mother, who had got lost whilst I was watching the roulette. You looked so pretty, and you are well dressed; you know you are, and so

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does everyone. All the men look at you, when they pass by just as a schoolboy at a cake in a shop window. How foolish they all are."

Used to all kinds of compliments point-blank, none that she ever had received, in all her life, had put her to such difficulty, and once again she stole a look at her fair complimenter's face to reassure herself that she was really as innocent as she appeared. "Well dressed," she murmured, "well, any woman likes to be well dressed." To such a commonplace of femininity no answer was required beyond a simple affirmation, and a look of admiration at the clothes.

"Why what a lot of men you know," the English girl exclaimed as counts and viscounts whom she knew by name walked by, as they sat talking, staring a little at the strange companionship of the two girls, all making a half recognition as they passed. "Why is it they do not take off their hats? I thought that Frenchmen always were polite."

Then as she got no answer, but a tapping of her companion's heels upon the floor, and a faint blush as of annoyance at her words, fearing she had offended her acquaintance, whom she already had begun to admire on account of her nice clothes, and evident knowledge of the world, she said, just as a schoolboy might have said, "It's awful hot in here; would you mind going out into the air, and we can sit and talk?" The other, like a person in a dream, got up and followed her, and the two girls walked through the crowd, the English girl quite unconcerned, pushing her way, after the fashion of a forward player in a football team, smiling and only anxious to get out into the air. The other, red and uncomfortable, but hypnotized by the frank manners and good faith of her she followed, hardly knew where she was until she found herself seated in a cane chair upon the terrace, and heard her guide say, "Well, this is better than the stuffy room."

From the Casino came the hum of voices, and points of light seemed to break through the windows, and a faint smell of perspiration and stale scent defiled the atmosphere as it came floating up to where they

sat. A breeze sprang up and cleared away the fleecy clouds before the moon, whose rays, half deadened by the glare of the electric lamps upon the terrace, seemed to be concentrated shyly on the magnolia trees which formed the background of the artificial scene, falling on their metallic-looking leaves, which it subdued and turned to plates of silver in its light. Moths hung about the great electric lamps, like men about a courtesan, and seemed to swim in the long beam of light which they dispelled. Sometimes they flew against the glass with a dull furry noise, and then fell stunned and lay upon the paths, with their wings fluttering, until some high-heeled shoe, just peeping out from underneath a cataract of lace, crushed them to pulp upon the stones, or carried off their bodies sticking to the sole.

Silence fell on the girls as, walking to the balustrade, they stood and looked over the wide white road across the lawn, set with its bunches of white pampa grass and of euonymus, upon the sea, which stretched out cool and clean and undefiled even by all the tawdriness of the Casino and its lights. Up from the shore there came a long-drawn sigh as if the waves had brought to land the last expiring breath of some lost sailor as they swirled upon the beach. The light air stirred the curls upon the foreheads of the girls, and the mysterious companionship of youth drew them together without words, making them feel a bond of sympathy.

Tears stood in the dark eyes of the French girl, she did not quite know why, and something seemed to force her to bestow her confidence upon the girl who stood beside her, although she felt it would be useless, as she could never understand.

As she stood hesitating, the other, seeing her tears, caught at her hands and said, "I say, whatever is the matter? I am so sorry; tell us about it. It will do you good. Is it about any of those bounders who grinned at you, and did not raise their hats?"

The other looked at her, and struggling to keep back her tears, said, "No, no, not about any man, I hate them all . . . that is, I am not sure . . . I

think one is not quite so horrible as all the rest—but then I have no right to talk to you, so innocent, about such things." She felt the hand of her companion tighten on her own, and all her sorrows running from her heart, her prostituted youth, the recollection of her home, perhaps the thought of the one man less horrible than were the others, forced her to speak and lay her head upon the shoulders of the mysterious friend, who had come as it were out of the depths to comfort her.

As she was struggling to choke down her tears and speak, and as the English girl stood wondering, but sympathetic and expectant, clasping her hand in hers, a strong high voice broke through the stillness of the night.

"Ethel, my dear," it said, "where have you got to? We have been looking for you for the last hour, and father is so cross." The girls just pressed each other's hands, and separated, as ships which have but signalled may be parted by a mist, without the time to make out either their numbers, or the ports from which they hail.

In The Corn Field

By Ernest McGaffey

FOR hundreds of miles along the river valley lie the corn fields. And sheathed tight in enveloping yellowish husks, tasseled with tawny-auburn silk, firm-grained and heavy, from countless myriads of upright stalks, hangs the corn. The tattered banners that waver rustling about the suspended ears, are all that are left of the emerald blades that once whispered so sibilantly in the summer breezes. Now, burned by fervid autumnal suns, rasped and shivered by the winds of November, they swing like pennons from some hard-beleaguered city, stained and discolored by the warring elements. The sturdy stalks themselves might be the sentinels of such a city, watchful through

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all the changes of day and night, serried and silent, massed to meet the advance of storm or shine.

The woods beyond have accepted the signs of the season, and from the oak, the hickory, the elm, ash, cottonwood, the hard and soft maples, are flaunted the brown and the scarlet, the yellow and grey embroideries that fall weaves among the trees. The sassafras burns crimson, and garish vines run triumphantly over fallen logs that molder in the dead grasses.

Overhead the skies swim blue and profound, with nothing to dim the azure save an occasional sweep of a hawk's broad wing, or the silvery shallop of a passing cloud. There is a deep calm in the vaulted concave that broods over the fields so peacefully, and yet this may be suddenly shifted to a gathering of menacing cloud-phalanxes, and the roll of skyey artillery, as, scourged by fiery whips, dash by the dripping coursers of the rain.

The fields are the storehouse of the farmer, the resort of furred and feathered seekers of food, and the vast and heaped-up granaries of the world. Here the sly raccoon, creeping from adjacent timber, gnaws at fallen ears, or bears down the stalk, to reach the coveted grain. Here the gray squirrel comes at evening, and retires to a convenient stump to eat his supper from between his paws, his bushy tail cocked in a half-crescent. Here the quail run in beavies, looking for scattered grain, and bursting up and over the stalks at the approach of disturbing footsteps. And here the crows come, sometimes warned away by the report of a distant gun, or made suspicious by the sight of some ragged "scarecrow," arrayed in cast-off garments, topped by a rusty hat, that rises spectre-like and grotesque from the surrounding corn.

In the fence corners and among infrequent grassy patches in the hollows of the field, the rabbits couch in their "forms," their long brown ears cocked, their bulging eyes alert for the least danger-signal. On moonlight nights they are everywhere among the corn, and the half-eaten ears that the raccoon leaves are gnawed afresh by this wandering tribe. Wherever a timbered "slue" stretches through a field, they gather in great numbers, and here the country boys gather when the first snow falls lightly and with dogs and ancient fire-arms, renew the fitful glories of the chase. Here, too, are convenient burrows

under sheltering banks where a frantic "bunny" may dive to safety, unless pursued by a remorseless ferret, and tremble in security until the echoes of the pursuers tell him that the rustic Nimrods have departed.

At the corner of this wide field to the north, stands a huge "crib," built of blackened rails, with a stout plank floor set close so as to avoid the possibility of the corn sifting down. A pile of rails lie beside it, to be used in raising its height as fast as the corn commences to near the top, when thrown into the "crib" from the wagons. And now into this field, from the hill beyond, where a white farmhouse rises from a grove of brilliant maples, partially stripped by the late-month gusts, come the wagons and the "shuckers." Time was in this very field when the wagon drove over one row of corn that bent and broke down under its weight, and this row was "shucked" by a boy, while a man on each side of the wagon "shucked" two rows as the wagon crossed the field. That row under the wagon was called "the down-row" and it was a hard one to look after, as the stalks lay over or parted as the heavy wagon went over them, and the boy was obliged to stoop to reach the ears, while the men at the side had their stalks and the dependent ears near at hand.

In those days, too, the "shuckers" were provided mostly with hickory "shucking-pegs," straight and smooth, with a buckskin or a leather thong to attach them to the fingers. Then the corn was thrown into the wagon from the rear and from both sides, and when "side-boards" were put on, they were placed one at each side. But now, as this procession comes through the field, it will be seen that there are two men to each wagon, and that they each "shuck" three rows, and that they are taking the grain from one side only of the wagon. The "side-board" is raised high on the opposite side from where they are working, and they scarcely look at the wagon as the golden ears fly in a constant stream towards the "sideboard."

On their hands they wear re-inforced gloves, armored with strips of iron, and they "shuck" with a curved claw of steel that strips the husk from an ear of corn at least twice as quickly as the old-fashioned hickory peg. The very initial grasp of the ear half "shucks" it, and as it is torn from the stalk another motion removes the husk entirely, and a third movement sends the bare ear against the "side-board,"

where it falls back into the wagon. Three movements to an ear, the clutch, the strip, and the toss, complete the process, and the practiced "shucker" has looked ahead for several hills, picking out the ears, as he goes. His eye does not follow the course of the ear to the wagon, and he very rarely misses the board.

It is scientific and extremely rapid work, and one or two fast "shuckers" will keep a team moving right along through the field, each man stripping three rows apiece and doing his work cleanly and thoroughly. These husky modern lads could "shuck" rings around a man of twenty-five years ago, with his antiquated hickory "shucking peg" and old-style system of load-ing.

It is a busy scene from the highways, this "corn-shucking," as the teams go through the fields and the "thump, thump, thump," of the flying ears rattle like hail against the raised "side-board."

From the road the forms of the "shuckers" can hardly be distinguished amid the tall stalks, and the teams are almost level with the corn. The calls to the horses, an occasional laugh or shout floats up, and the steady and monotonous trip-hammer of the loosened ears comes by in a muffled echo. Each field holds its quota of men and teams, and the whole land is living with the industry of swarming "shuckers."

The call of many lands is beckoning to these stalwart farmers; the ports of India and South America are waiting on them; the sails of a thousand ships lie idle until their task is finished. To lands of sun and lands of snow this tossing grain is yet to toss, borne far and wide over seas to alien shores, bartered in cities where white faces are seldom seen.

These bulging cribs will send their stores to the holds of outbound vessels which shall touch at ports many thousands of miles away, and the forces of steam will lend their aid by land and water to scatter this harvest to the uttermost ends of the earth. Christian and Pagan; Mohammedan, Negro, the Tartar of the Steppes, the Arab, the sly Chinese, all shall know of this largess flung abroad.

And when these fields are stripped and reft of the golden hoard of November, then the cattle will be driven in to forage on the standing stalks, the rabbit will make its bed in tumbled husks, the crows will perch on the dismantled "scare-crow" frames, till the last season of all comes on singing winds to usher in the snows.



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Dramatic

"The Greater Love," at the Garrick this week, is one of those biographical dramas that promises much for the liquor traffic. It is the hard-luck story of Mozart, the composer, capably handled, but nevertheless, lacking in the vital parts of a first-class play. Aubrey Boucicault, son of the famous successful playwright, has the leading role, and incidentally the spot-light position on the stage. Mr. Boucicault is an actor of decided ability, but there is much in his *Mozart* that is merely superficially lustrous. Miss Grace Reals is a very pretty, and, no doubt, talented leading lady. May E. Abbey is a newcomer, but reveals talents that should some day land her at the top of her profession. Likewise Miss Katherine Kinsella. The entire company, in fact, are capable and intelligent, but haven't much in the opportunity line. The play's attractiveness is enhanced by the orchestra's efforts, Mozart numbers being appropriately fitted to the various situations.

Next week: "The Love Route," with Odette Tyler, Olive May and J. C. Tyler in the cast.

Chauncey Olcott's new play, "Eileen Asthore," showing at the Century this week, has that fatal similarity to all other Irish dramas, but Mr. Olcott overcomes all objections that might be raised by his natural singing voice and "matinee-idol" presence. The company in support of Mr. Olcott is equal to all requirements, but the requirements aren't much, since Mr. Olcott is pretty near the whole show. Florence Lester plays the part of *Eileen*, with somewhat indifferent success. Daniel Jarrett in the valet role shares the best lines with Mr. Olcott, and does his part effectively. The play is elaborately staged, and is calculated to keep alive the hope of Irish independence.

Next week: "Way Down East" will be the attraction.

"Ben Hur" was revived at the Olympic Monday night. It is the same spectacular success of the World's Fair year. As to the acting, it fits the play. A. H. Van Buren plays *Ben Hur* acceptably. John E. Ince, Jr., is *Messala*; Mabel Brownell is an admirable *Esther*, and Robert McWade, Jr., is an impressive *Simonides*. The show has all the old thrills, with more pressure than ever, and the audiences enjoy it as usual. The play remains for another week.

"Metz in the Alps," the new play at the Grand this week, is something in the nature of a treat, for it gives full and generous play to the genius of Al Wilson, who is both actor and singer. Mr. Wilson has a large repertory and he sings all numbers—six of them—capitally. He fits into the play itself with a pleasing snugness. He takes the part of a Tyrolean youth who sets out to break up a gang of smugglers and incidentally rescues the girl of his heart from the wiley leader of the band. Miss Gertrude Perry and Miss Reenie Harrington give Mr. Wilson excellent support.

Next week: Hanlon's Fantasma.

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"Big Hearted Jim" at the Imperial this week is a mixture of the simple and the strenuous in western life. Its story is a natural one of love, heroism and adventure with an occasional gun play to give it color. Charles Gardner, as the brave Montana Sheriff, encounters both cupid and bandits at the same time and wins out most fascinatingly at both games. Mr. Gardner is an actor of ability. He is intelligently supported by Harriet Lee, who plays the part of heroine, and Miss Jessie Stevens, as "the mountain diamond." Jo McNeil McLeod does the secondary villain role capably.

"Queen of the White Slaves" comes next.

"Mr. Dooley on the Empire Circuit," a musical skit in two acts, and the Yankee Doodle Chorus, divide the honors in the Brigadier Burlesquer's show at the Standard this week. Tim Healy is the real thing in the burlesque of Dooley and Jack Symonds does clever work as *Nothin' Doin'* in the same skit. The vaudeville bill is a first-class one including the Six Wehlfrieds, the Mullini Sisters, Lester and Moore, Sherman and Fuller and Jack Raymond. There are several new songs introduced during the performance.

Next week: Edmond Hayes with "The Jolly Girls."

"The Phonograph Girls," a musical extravaganza, in which Sam Soda, the author, is introduced as the chief fun-maker; the Powder Puff Brigade; a tip-top specialty bill, and a one-act farce, "The Con Game," constitute the diverting features of the bill the Jersey Lilies are offering at the Gayety this week. In the extravaganza Fanny Vedder as the phonograph girl has secondary claim on the audience. In the olio Sam Soda, Baker and Robinson, Woods and Green and Ida Gladstone furnish the entertaining stunts.

Next Week: The Rose Hill Folly Company.

German Day at the Alps.

The Tyrolean Alps, thought to have been closed forever, will be opened again next Saturday for the celebration of German Day, under the auspices of the German-American National Alliance, whose president, Dr. C. J. Hexaner of Philadelphia, is to be the principal speaker on the occasion. German Day had its origin in a celebration at Philadelphia seven years ago. Its object is to celebrate the achievements of the German in the history of the land of liberty, from the time of the arrival of the first immigrants from the Vaterland, October 6, 1683, in search of religious and political liberty.

Illustrated Lecture Course.

Dwight Elmendorf, the noted tourist who has spent the last twelve years in world travel, will deliver the first lecture of a series, at the Odeon Friday night, October 5. His subject will be "Holland." This and the other travel-talks of the series will be illustrated with magnificent stereopticon plates. The subjects and dates of the other lectures

of the course will be as follows: "The Rhine," October 12; "Switzerland," October 19; "Italy, I," October 26, and "Italy, II," November 2. Mr. Elmendorf is thoroughly competent to handle these various subjects, having made prolonged stays and trips in the several countries.

The Horse Show

What promises to be the greatest Horse Show St. Louis has ever known is to be held in the Coliseum the week of October 8 to 13. The prizes this year are larger than ever before offered in this city. There are four purses of \$500 each, and any number of from \$200 to \$350.

One of the great horses which will be shown at St. Louis will be the sensational saddler, Star McDonald, handled by Matt Cohen of Lexington, Ky. Cohen, who is quite a character in the horse show rings, has been defeating everything that has come before him with Star McDonald. He has lowered

the colors of several of the supposed champions in the saddle ring, including the wonderful Bourbon King.

In St. Louis, however, the great son of Rex McDonald will meet with horses as great as himself, when it comes to what they have accomplished in the show ring. One of them will be Forest King, owned by Mr. H. C. Stifel of St. Louis. This horse is a grandson of the mighty Black Squirrel, and it will be a great test between the Squirrel and McDonald bloods, the two famous saddle horse strains. Forest King is a magnificent looking animal who has met and defeated the best of saddle ring performers. Another great saddle horse, owned in St. Louis is Mr. Thos. Dunn's gelding, Jack o'Diamonds. Mr. Dunn gave for him the highest price ever paid for a saddle gelding. In fact, the contest between Missouri and Kentucky for superiority as a saddle horse State will be fierce.

The ladies are also to be a factor in the arena, as well as in the boxes at

the St. Louis Horse Show this year. Mrs. Julius S. Walsh, Jr., has entered Buster Brown, a saddle horse, and Silver Heels, Thanis and Sox, harness horses. Mrs. Walsh previous to her marriage, was Miss Clara Bell of Lexington, Ky., and has been a lover of fine horses from childhood. As a rider and driver she has few equals among the ladies in the United States. She owns quite a number of high class horses. Other ladies prominent in St. Louis society, it is reported, will take part in the exhibitions in the rings this year.

Entries from all over the country are coming in for the St. Louis show, and it seems pretty certain that at least two of the greatest stables of the East and a few of Chicago's leading stables will take part in the competition. One of the big outside exhibitors who will certainly be at the show, is Mr. Lawrence Jones of Louisville. This millionaire Kentuckian has the greatest string of horses this fall that he has ever owned,

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and any of the Eastern or Chicago people who win ribbons over him, will have to go some. Mr. Jones beat Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt's horses in a number of rings at Louisville last season, and after carrying off several ribbons at St. Louis, went to the big New York show and took prizes in several events over the greatest stables in the country. With a much larger and better stable this year, Mr. Jones is certain to prove an even more important factor in the Horse Show world.

His beautiful chestnut stallion, Guy Fortune, who won at New York, Louisville, St. Louis and other places last year, has a track record of 2:11½, and in addition to being shown at horse shows this fall will be raced on the trotting track. It will be an unusual sight to see a show ring horse with a short tail participating in trotting contests. Mr. Jones has entered Guy Fortune in the Transylvania Stakes of the Kentucky Horse Breeders' Association of Lexington. "Guy Fortune's" ability to trot on the track against track racers is an evidence that he is not merely a horse beautiful who is only fit to be exhibited at horse shows.

The Campbell Horse Co. of East St. Louis will be represented at St. Louis this year by a large string of entries. This concern is one of the biggest dealers in America in high class horses, but has never before participated in the St. Louis Horse Show.

Mr. Aug. A. Busch of St. Louis, who has one of the most extensive stables in the Western country, will again be a participant at the St. Louis show. Mr. Busch has made entries in the various classes, and both he and his son, Adolphus Busch, III., will be seen in the ring riding and driving. It is doubtful whether Mr. Busch has a superior in the country as an amateur whip, while his son is remarkably expert for a boy of his years.

Mr. Edward A. Faust, who is a brother-in-law of Mr. Busch, will also be represented at the St. Louis show.

Mr. Bassett, another St. Louisian, who is a new man in the Horse Show game, has purchased several high class horses and will enter them in the rings in his home city.

Two darkies lay sprawled on the Luneta on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said: "Heey-a-h-h! Ah wish Ah had a hund'ed watermellilons."

Tom's eyes lighted dimly. "Hum, ya-h! Dat would suttently be fine. An' ef yo' had a hund'ed watermellilons would yo' gib me fifty?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no fifty watermellilons."

"Would yo' gib me twenty-five?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

"Seems ter me yous powahful stingy, Mose. Wouldn't yo'—wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a hyah, niggah, are yo' so good-fer-nuffin lazy dat yo' caih'n't wish fo' yo' own watermellilons?"—*Manila Sun.*

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A committee of three well-known citizens will be appointed to decide the prize winners, and the names of prize winners will be announced in these columns.

When sending in your composition write your name and address on a separate sheet. Each composition will be numbered immediately upon receipt of same. In that way the contest will be absolutely fair, as the judges themselves will not know who the prize winners are until after their decision.

Everyone is eligible to compete, whether living in St. Louis or elsewhere. You have as good a chance as anyone else, so get busy. No compositions returned before or after the contest closes. Address all communications to

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The Stock Market

Wall street is again looking towards Washington for assistance, and confidently expects Mr. Shaw, the Secretary of the Treasury, to place a good many more millions of dollars in national bank depositaries in New York as well as in other financial centers of the country. Mr. Shaw has so far refused to commit himself on this subject, but will soon have to respond to the frantic appeals for succor which Wall street bankers are daily wiring to his Washington office. The money market is again stiffening. The supply of loanable funds is small, and the demand urgent. Owing to the drop in call and time rates two weeks ago, inland banks withdrew their loanable funds from New York, finding more profitable employment for it at home. As a result, the call rate is once more up to 5 and 6 per cent, and time money hard to obtain at less than 7 per cent.

The monetary position is really precarious. This is admitted by all who are supposed to know what they are talking about. Various means of relief are being suggested by well-known bankers and financial experts. But academic discussions of this kind are of little or no use at the present time. Immediate relief is what the financial community demands. According to Wall street ideas, the Government alone is in position to afford that. The stock manipulators and their affiliated banks and trust companies will never admit that prompt relaxation of the monetary strain would be secured by starting an old-fashioned liquidating movement in the stock market. Such an admission on their part would be fatal to their cause. Yet liquidation on the stock exchange is the only and surest means of redress, and will have to be precipitated sooner or later. There's nothing to prevent this.

Stock values are inflated. The money rates now prevalent show this with painful plainness. Leading railroad shares pay only 4 per cent and, in some instances, even less on the investment, while loans for six months are making at 7 per cent. Where's the capitalist with average horse sense who would care to invest his money in a speculative stock that pays him less than 4 per cent, when he can loan it for six or twelve months at 7 per cent? Considerations of this sort, when it comes to the final "show-down," are more potent than all your "inside tips" and "railway deals." The money market is the thing that furnishes the real, analytic test of security values. In comparison with it, everything else shrinks into impotent insignificance. You cannot "bull" stocks when money is tight. If you try to do it, in defiance of high money rates, you and your following will have to rue it.

The Bank of England has taken a firm grip on the money position in London. Owing to its late action, the open market rate over there is slowly advancing, and foreign loans are making at 5 per cent. In view of this, it is commonly expected that the official discount rate will be raised further to prevent additional shipments of gold to the United States and elsewhere. Some authorities predict a raise in the rate to 5 per cent this fall. In response to the Bank of England's procedure, foreign exchange at New York has risen perceptibly. It is a notable fact that, owing to the American scramble for gold, bar gold in London is now at the highest point for almost a generation. The British institution is confronted with a world-wide demand for its gold hoardings. Since the beginning of this month it has lost about \$50,000,000 gold, most of which went to the United States.

On account of the advancing tendency in call and time rates, the stock market is in a feverish condition. The main trend seems to be downward, in spite of the sharp gains, ever and anon, in one or two of the leading shares, Southern and Union Pacific, St. Paul,

B. & O. and Atchison are still prime favorites with the plungers. The first-named is particularly popular, and "tips" are plentiful that the stock will cross par in the very near future. The industrial issue seems neglected for the nonce. A few of them are distinctly heavy. United States Steel common suffers from liquidation by disappointed holders, who bought a month ago on the theory that the price would forthwith be rushed up to 60 on brighter dividend prospects. Amalgamated Copper is being bought by gamblers on talk of a rise in copper to 20 cents a pound. The present quotation is slightly above 19. Copper trade conditions are said to be unusually good. But they used to say the same thing in 1901 and 1902, shortly before the terrible crash in copper shares. Amalgamated Copper is a profound mystery. Its value is mythical. In regard to it, one man's guess is

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as good as another's. In other words, the man who buys or sells the stock enters a blind pool. He might just as well put his coins on the *trente-et-quarante* tables at Monte Carlo.

More stock is to be issued by the New York Central and Big Four Companies. A strong effort was made to boost New York Central shares on the new-rights-theory, but it failed in a signal manner. The public did not respond, and the upward movement has again fizzled out. New York Central 3½s are weak, notwithstanding the low quotations now current for them. The premier Vanderbilt property is going a pretty rapid pace. Its capitalization in bonds and shares is growing overwhelming. While the revenues are enormous, compared with what they were five years ago, the additions to capital have outdistanced them. All the great railroad systems are in need of more cash. But they are "up against" a tight money and a congested investment market. There's a mighty poor demand for new bonds and shares. Underwriting syndicates are losing money and, therefore, indisposed to enter fresh ventures. And our loans abroad are assuming menacing proportions. The latest estimate places them above \$500,000,000.

The St. Louis & San Francisco reported good earnings the other day. For the past fiscal year the gross gains \$2,088,416. There was a 6.5 per cent increase in operating expenses. The net gain is \$839,900.53. Compared with the results of the previous fiscal year, the net earnings show a gain of 7.9 per cent. After the payment of 4 per cent on the first preferred and 2 per cent on the second preferred, the surplus is \$519,742.12. Prospects for the new fiscal year are very good, and a resumption of dividends on the second preferred should not be far off, even admitting that the company will have to spend additional large sums of money for improvements, terminals and new equipment.

Local Securities.

The Fourth street market is stagnant. Prices for the past week, show little or no change in the majority of cases. United Railways common is still quoted at 46 bid, 47 asked, and the preferred is purchasable at 81½. Several lots of the 4s changed hands at 85½.

The financial shares are utterly neglected. There is little demand for them except at concessions. Bank of Commerce is 317 bid, 320 asked. For Title Guaranty 77 is asked, with no bids at this writing. For Boatmen's 249 is asked.

A lot of 10 shares of American Credit-Indemnity sold at 161. Candy common is lower, being 17¾ bid, 18 asked. For Ely-Walker D. G. common 114 is bid, with no offerings.

Shipments of currency to country customers are in large volume. Money rates remain at 6 per cent for time and call loans. Drafts on New York have fallen to 20 discount bid, par asked. Sterling exchange is higher, being quoted at 4.84½. Berlin is 94.62 and Paris 5.20½.

Answers to Inquiries.

Subscriber.—Crucible Steel preferred pays 1½ per cent quarterly. It is entitled to 7 per cent. Would not invest in it at this time. Dividend cumulative. Cannot see anything tempting in American Steel Foundries common. Just a gamble and a poor one at that.

G. W., Bloomington, Ill.—Would advise selling Western Union and investing in something else. Stock not in line for an advance. Surplus won't admit it. Ontario & Western a good purchase on a little break.

Fair Fortune-teller (at a society function)—And now I will tell you from the lines in your hand who is the dearest person on earth to you.

Guest (hastily)—Won't you please take my wife out of the room first?



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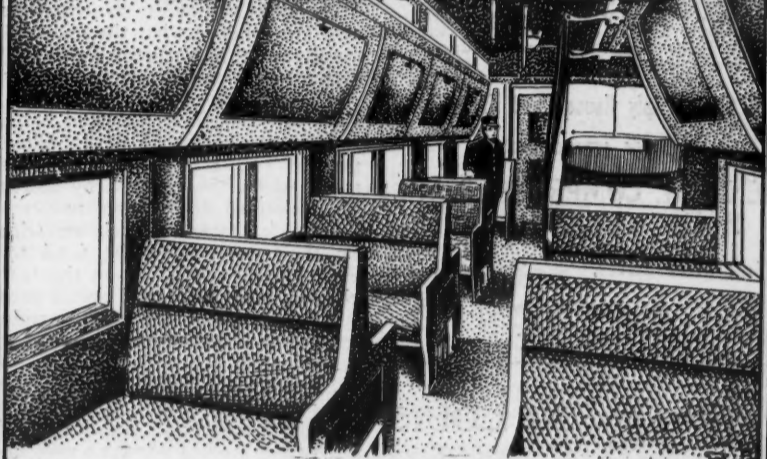
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was shown in St. Louis on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday of last week, and then expressed to New York City. The car was busily engaged from 7:00 a. m. until midnight each day, and over one hundred demonstrations were given. At that, we were unable to care for a large number of interested persons, and take this opportunity of saying that our regular demonstrating car will be shipped on November 1st, at which time we will be in a position to demonstrate to ALL interested parties.

The new car is a very radical departure from anything heretofore produced in an American Automobile. The four speeds ahead selective type transmission: the 39 plate multiple disc clutch; the 36-inch wheels; the heavy chrome nickel steel I beam axles; the Deutche Waffen Fabrik bearings; the valves in the head of motor operated by a single walking beam; are a long step in advance in Automobile construction and in line with the best Italian and French practice.

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S. W. Bray:—"It looks like the winner for 1907."

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A. B. Pendleton: "I never rode in a REAL automobile before."

The Pope factories at Toledo, the largest in the world, will produce but 500 of these cars for the whole United States and export. Is it not significant that the largest factory in the world will produce but 500 cars when competitors with half the facilities will produce over twice as many?

Our allotment for December and January delivery is sold, and orders taken now will be for February and March delivery. The price of the car is \$4,250 complete, but little in excess of automobiles with 34-inch wheels, old style cone clutch, three speed transmission and made of ordinary open hearth steel.

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